LIFE ON THE BANKS

Hardships and Perils of the Gloucester Fishermen.

BATTLES WITH WIND AND WEATHER

A Rough Set of Men, but Good at Heart.

TRAWLING FOR COD

Written for The Evening Star.

RECENTLY I SPENT several weeks in the famous old fishing town of Gloucester, and while there visited the Gloucestermen on board their vessels, talked with them for hours on the wharves and watched them at work on the Grand Banks and during their leisure moments on the street or in their homes.

This peculiar and quaint old city has ever been the home of fishermen, and its essential industry fish and fishing. On the long and rambling wharves one sees little but fish—fresh fish, salt fish, smoked fish—but always fish of some kind. Along the entire water front such signs as "Fresh Fish Bought Here," "Fresh Bait for Sale," "Fresh Tongues Bought Here," "Livers Bought Here," etc., are everywhere standing out to show the industry of the place. Skirting the edges of the harbor are miles and miles of fish flakes shining out white and bright with salt cod.

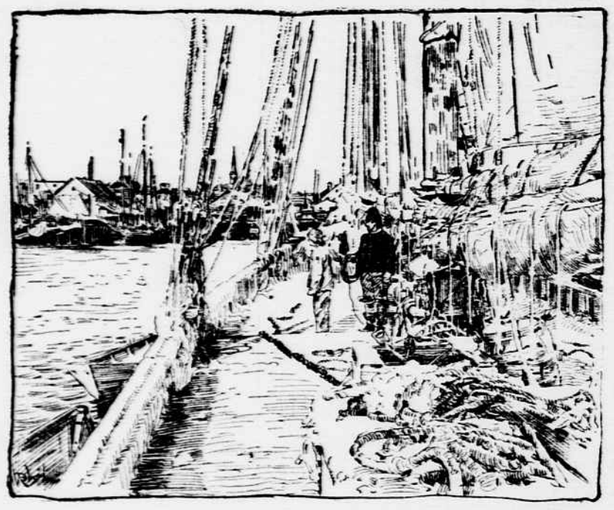
At the head of the wharves stand large skimming lofts, and within easy reach of the water are those most offensive of all buildings, the fish glue factories.

Gloucester's fishermen are a mixed lot. By far the greater percentage of them are foreigners—New Foundlanders and Nova Scotiamen. Prince Edward and Cape Breton Islanders, Portuguese and North Countrymen are to be found in the crews. Many of them have only temporary homes in Gloucester and have, naturally, but little interest in the welfare and good name of the city. It is to them more or less like a foreign town. Their lives are lives of constant peril, continuous hardship, and absolute slavery to discomfort. If there is one class of men on earth to whom life means little that we can imagine as pleasant, to whom hardship and danger have no terror, it is the fisherman class, and especially those who go "a bankin'." His quarters are cramped, stuffy and wretched; his bunk is hard, cold and narrow, his hours are long and his work heavy, dirty and dangerous. Frozen, raw faces, torn and festered hands and poisoned blood are "ils not uncommon nor unexpected among them.

Bank fishing, especially for cod, is done nowadays almost exclusively with trawls. The old style of hand line fishing is still sometimes adhered to in bad weather, but it is too slow and tedious under ordinary circumstances.

Fishing With Trawls.

It is in trawling that the poor fisherman meets the greatest dangers. The man who goes "a bankin'" never sets nor hauls his trawls without taking risks. Except in settled weather, he must be constantly on the qui vive, that he is not caught in a fog, blown off by some sudden squall or overtaken in a snow storm. And there is little



A WINTER SCENE ALONG THE GLOUCESTER WHARVES.

settled weather on the banks. When the fishing vessel arrives at the banks she is anchored and the little dories in which the fishermen do the trawling are put overboard.

Each dory is manned by two men and carries about eight trawls, that number constituting a "string." The trawls are set on the bottom in from thirty-five to 150 fathoms of water, often as far as three miles from the vessel. The end of the "string" is anchored and buoyed. In good weather the trawls are hauled twice a day, early in the morning and late in the evening, in unsettled weather at the most opportune times.

Dressed in their oil skins from head to foot, the two men haul in the following manner: One stands in the bow and with the assistance of a small hand windlass, called a "hurdy-gurdy," pulls in the line. The other, standing in the stern of the dory, kills the fish, takes them off the line and coils it down into a tub in which it is kept to prevent tangling.

Around the fleshy part of the hand, closely packed cloth grommets covered with wood, and having an indentation around the circumference, into which the line fits, are worn.

Hauling a trawl seems simple and easy, but under the best circumstances it is hard work, and often extremely painful. Codfish weigh from six to 100 pounds. The anchors are not light, and the line is small. With a good catch it would be well nigh impossible to haul the trawl without wearing nippers to prevent the line from cutting into the hands.

Picture the dorymen hard at work, eight lines out and a heavy haul is being landed. To windward it is dark and threatening. A storm is brewing and night is setting in. The wind increases and, as the sea gets higher and higher, and the little boat pitches high in the air and drops suddenly into the hollow of the sea, the work gets harder and slower. With the excitement the time flies. There is plenty of time, they say. Why lose their lines and the product of their toil? So they labor on and on, and after hours of hard work, at great risks, succeed in landing the catch, only to realize that the dory is overloaded, the sea very rough and getting rougher. They must row for their lives, and the burden of fish, for which they have worked so hard, must be thrown overboard. Who could wonder if the poor fisherman became profane and cruel? But this is his life, and usually the situation is, alas, more serious!

In summer there is the danger that he may be enveloped in a heavy fog. In winter he is liable to be caught in a violent snow storm. When finally forced to abandon their task, the dorymen make a run, they suppose, for their vessel. After hours of hard pulling they realize that they have been going in the wrong direction, and, without food or water in their tiny craft, are lost upon the now tempestuous seaw

Kind Hearts.

A few weeks ago a hurricane swept over the North Atlantic ocean. As I stood on the fish wharves, the hurricane still at its height, there were many fishermen under the lee of the mackerel sheds, peering anxiously out beyond the lines of snow-white breakers dashing over the bar. A weather-beaten little schooner, with topmast gone and colors at half mast, beat up the entrance to the harbor, and, as she secured her last line at her wharf, a tall, hardy fisherman stepped on shore.

"Holloa, there, Bill! What's up?" was the greeting from those on the wharf.

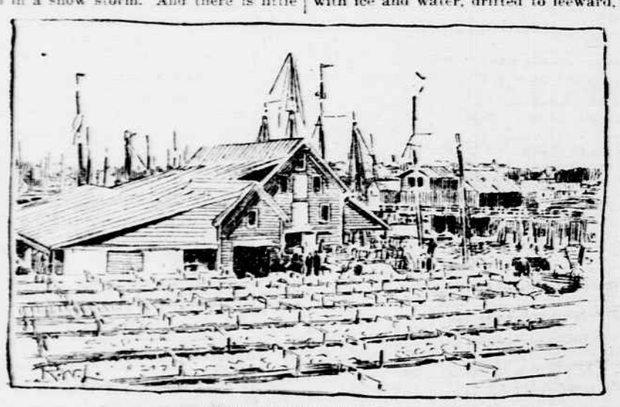
Bill shrugged his shoulders and I could see tears in his eyes as he answered: "Well, boys, Gus is gone. We tried to save him, but it waren't no use. We run es long es 'twas safe, and then we tried ter heave her to. Gus wuz at the wheel, and as she swung roun' a big sea come aboard, sweepin' the decks clean. He waren't lashed. Well, boys, you know the rest. Here's the paper. Some uv you take it." In a rear tenement in Rogers street sat a woman by the bedside of her sick child. Occasionally she would peer out through her window and gaze anxiously down the street. She was looking for some one. Trouble was depicted on her face. "Would he never come?" she had asked for the hundredth time, when there was a loud knock at the door. The door being opened, in walked a hardy fisherman. And there was a touch of gentleness about his silent manner as he stood, uncovered, before the stricken widow. They understood each other, though neither spoke for some time. It would not have been necessary to impart the sad news. But he told Gus' wife, not roughly and brusquely, but quietly, of her loss and theirs. The poor woman was almost frantic. She had longed for her husband's coming. They were poor and scarcely the necessities of life could be provided many days longer. To her grief was added poverty and want. But not for long. The child recovered, for that evening one of the best physicians in the city became a regular attendant at his bedside. The next morning a letter was left for the widow. It contained a check for $300. The "papers" had meant that Gus' mates would take care of his widow and child.

I have recently met in Gloucester one Howard Blackburn, who was for years a Gloucester fisherman. About ten years ago this man had one of the most marvelous adventures at sea on record. He, with a dory mate named Welch, were caught out in a frightful snowstorm hauling their trawls on Burges Bank off Newfoundland. The wind shifted and blew with almost hurricane force. They were compelled to abandon the lines and pull for their lives. The seas ran higher and higher, and every effort to pull in the direction of the small schooner anchored well to windward was in vain, and, knocking the head out of one of the kegs used for buoys, a drag was made, and they lay to that. Tossed up and down on the foaming billows, their tiny boat shipped barrels of water, and the ice formed in large lumps and dashed against the boat's sides and against its occupants with great force, and the little dory was in constant danger of swamping.

A Tale of Suffering.

During the long and weary watches of that night the occupants of the dory, hungry, cold and bleeding, could see the glare of the flashlights their shipmates on board the schooner kept burning in the vain hope that the poor sailors might reach the ship in safety.

As the night wore on, the dory, half-filled with ice and water, drifted to leeward, and



DRYING THE FISH.

before daybreak was out of sight of the flashlights. In the meantime Welch was gradually dying from hunger and cold. Blackburn lost his mittens, and, standing amidst the ice and water in the boat, his hands and feet had begun to freeze. His dory mate, discouraged and faint, lay in the stern of the boat, and his stony stare and pitiful appeals told Blackburn as plainly as words that he was dying.

Realizing his own pitiful position, and the utter hopelessness of his mate's condition, he tucked him up gently and lovingly in the stern of the boat, that he might be as comfortable as possible, while he yet lived. And then, with the most wonderful presence of mind, incomprehensible nerve and grit, he sat down on the thwart, and, facing his dying comrade, pitiful to see in his hopeless and freezing condition, grasped the oars firmly, that his hands might freeze in a curved position and not straight, rendering him entirely helpless. A few hours more and his dory mate was dead. As he had lain there in the bottom of the boat he knew he was freezing to death, and his last words were: "I am going, Howard. Good-bye and God bless you, Howard, I can trust you, and now make me a promise. If you ever reach shore, Howard, take me with you. Good-bye. God bless you."

Words cannot describe the suffering, the physical pain and mental anguish through which this poor fisherman passed. Nor can the pen do credit to the fortitude, the manhood, the heroism and noble nature of the man.

For four days, without food or water, he struggled on, bearing with him the dead body of his comrade. His feet were stiff and freezing, and the flesh was gradually slipping off of his hands from contact with the oars. On the fifth day he reached shore. In his wretched condition, after all his suffering, in his touching devotion he spent hours in fulfilling the dying request of his lost comrade. After finally getting the corpse safely on shore, he started in quest of food. Some good simple people took him in and cared for him and bathed his frozen hands and feet and some days after he reached Gloucester.

He lost both hands and his feet became warped out of shape, rendering him forever unable to do any manual labor. But the good people of Gloucester recognized in Blackburn a hero and he was established in a small liquor business by them. He is as modest as he is brave, and, while rough and brusque, he is as gentle as a child. In his daily life he is as he was in those dark hours when adrift upon the tempestuous ocean, generous and noble. He is the friend of the widow and orphan, the sick and the needy, and no one in need ever appeals in vain to the Gloucester fisherman.

As I stood in his small store (not rum shop, for Gloucester grants no liquor license now) talking to him one rainy afternoon, a burly fisherman entered. "Halloa, Howard!" "Halloa, Bill!" was the greeting to each other when Bill hurried to inquire of him if he knew of the sad condition of Mrs. —— down in Duncan street. He told of her illness, of a sick child, of her poverty-stricken condition. Her rent was overdue. Notice had been given her to vacate, unless her rent was paid within a very short, specified time. "I never heard of this before," said Blackburn, after hearing the man's story; "I will investigate the matter." And he did. The poor woman was not ejected and her suffering in other ways was alleviated. All are not able to give as Blackburn is, but I have yet to see among men of their corresponding level in life a more courageous, fearless, brave, generous and moral set than the Gloucester fishermen.

MOTHER AND SON.

The Boy's Thirst for and His Desire to Impart Information.

From the San Francisco Wave.

They were mother and son. She, a womanly little woman, about twenty-seven years of age, while he, the spoiled and only child, aged about six. As they seated themselves in the cabin one could easily observe that the mother's thoughts were not of her surroundings, but elsewhere, while the child, probably its first trip on a ferryboat, was restless and most observing.

The child said nothing, but did considerable squirming in his seat until the gong rang in the engine room for the boat to start, when, with awe in his voice and his large brown eyes opened to their full extent, he said in a stage whisper that could be heard by every one within the cabin:

"What's that?"

"That's the gong for the boat to start."

"What makes the gong go?"

"The captain."

"What does he make the gong go for?"

"So the engineer can start the boat."

"What does he want to start the boat for?"

"So we can go to the other side."

"What do we want to go to the other side for?"

"Oh, don't ask so many questions. Look out of the window and see all the water."

(After a silence)—"Ma?"

"Yes, dear."

"How did all the water get there?"

"God placed it there, my dear."

"What did He put it there for? Didn't He have any other place to put it?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

(After a moment's thought)—"Oh, I know why He put it there!"

"Yes?"

"Yes, so the boats could run across."

(After a long silence, looking intently at his mother's hat)—"Ma?"

"Well, dear?"

"You trimmed that hat, didn't you?"

"Sh-sh-sh!"

"Well, you did."

"Keep still and don't bother me, or I shall be compelled to whip you."

"You did trim it, 'cause I seed you."

(As she jerks his arm)—"Keep still!"

"But you did trim it, just the same, and you know it."

"Will you keep still?"

(Between his sobs)—"Well, didn't you trim it?"

"I'll whip you good if you don't keep still."

"Well, you trimmed it, just the same."

As the mother boxed the child's ears and dragged him onto the deck, we could hear through his boo-hoos, "Well, you did trim it, and you know you did, 'cause I seed you."

People Do Read the Papers.

From the Buffalo Courier.

Some persons wonder why engaged people generally prefer to keep their engagements as quiet as possible until the day of the wedding. Perhaps the reason lies in the results of a newspaper announcement.

The other day an engagement was mentioned in one of the afternoon papers. It was in the last edition of the paper, but early the next morning several awning makers were at the home of the future bride's parents, soliciting the contract for supplying an awning when the event came off. On the same morning and in the first mail no less than half a dozen printers and engravers sent samples of their work, and quoted prices for which they would be willing to prepare the wedding cards, according to the latest dictates of fashion. During the remainder of the week milliners, caterers, dressmakers, liverymen, furniture dealers, hardware men and dry goods merchants made known their desire to supply the future bride and groom with all the outfit that they might need or imagine they needed. The young folks are now waiting for bids from ministers who are willing to tie the knot at bargain prices.

In Mamma's Day.

From Life.

Girls didn't wear a tailor suit,
Mannish gloves and calfskin boot,
Drive four-in-hand, and smoke and shoot,
In Mamma's day.

Maids never yearned for politics,
Nor rode a wheel, like Toms and Dicks,
Nor tore around, with big golf sticks,
In Mamma's day.

They couldn't swim with grace and ease,
In bathing suits cut to their knees,
And sail a boat through stormy seas,
In Mamma's day.

From what I have been told, and know,
Life must have been quite dull and slow
In that pathetic long ago,
My Mamma's day.

A Negro Philanthropist's Project.

From the Atlanta Journal.

W. C. Coleman of Concord, N. C., one of the wealthiest negroes in the country, is now promoting an enterprise from which he expects profitable results for himself and his race. He proposes to build and equip a mill for "the double object of teaching and giving employment to negroes as cotton mill operatives." He has disposed of nearly all the $50,000 worth of stock with which the mill will start, and will begin work on the building in a few weeks.

There is at present no cotton mill in the United States which has negro operatives. Negroes are employed in a knitting mill at Columbia, S. C., and there is a plan on foot to build a cotton mill in Alabama in which negro convicts will be worked, but the experiment at Concord will probably get under way first. Its projector is confident that negroes can be used as cotton mill operatives satisfactorily to the mill owners and greatly to the pecuniary advantage of the negroes themselves. After having tried in vain to get some of the mills already established to change their class of operatives, so as to give the negroes a chance to demonstrate their ability in this respect, or to obtain the consent of white mill men to build a mill especially for that purpose, he set about the task of raising the necessary money to build a small one among the members of his own race, and he has succeeded beyond his expectations.

Pitied Him.

From the New York Truth.

Mrs. Witherby—"Last night the man next door made an awful mistake. He got into our house instead of his own, and I thought at first it was you."

Witherby—"Yes, I met him on the street this morning and he said he never was so sorry for any man in his life."

Good Practice.

From the Boston Transcript.

Mother—"Dear me! the baby has swallowed that piece of worsted."

Father—"That's nothing to the yarns she'll have to swallow if she lives to grow up."

Compensation.

From the Chicago Record.

—"Bilkerton's death was lamentable, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but awfully stylish—he died in his private car."

UNIVERSITY NOTES

Georgetown University.

The Morris Literary and Debating Society at the last meeting debated "Resolved, That the jury system should be abolished." The speakers were Paul Dillon, affirmative; Francis E. Smith, negative. At the next meeting the topic for discussion is "Resolved, That the right of education belongs primarily to the state." E. M. Lamb will speak in the affirmative and J. K. Broderick in the negative. An essay will also be read by M. J. Scanlan.

The examination of the post-graduate class in Roman law will be held next Friday evening at 6:30.

The biological department was the recipient the past week of five microscopes made by the Bausch & Lamb Optical Company and fifty-five charts by Leuckart & Nitsche. The microscopes are a very fine quality, and the charts, which are 42x64 inches in size, are printed in colors on heavy glazed cloth. They cover every range of organism in the animal kingdom from the protozoa and protoplasm to the perfect human structure, and each chart is accompanied by descriptive text in three languages, German, French and English. The department is indebted to Mrs. Elizabeth McColgan of New York city for this magnificent addition. Lectures will be given Wednesday evenings on the charts by Prof. James E. Benedict and Prof. Simpson of the Smithsonian Institution.

The Law School Debating Society at its last meeting completed the election of officers as follows: Vice president, M. H. Yount; secretary, J. H. Luthy; treasurer, F. P. Kennedy; sergeant-at-arms, R. Thomas. The debate for this evening will be on "Resolved, That the government of the United States should own and operate the railway lines within the borders of its territory." The question of a series of public debates with Columbia College, New York, is expected to come up tonight, when it is hoped some definite announcement can be made.

Catholic University.

The University Club is fitting up club rooms in McMahon Hall, in which the meetings and entertainments of the club will be given. The first entertainment will be given about February 15, and a program is now being arranged.

The first of the public lectures in the winter course was given Thursday afternoon in McMahon Hall by Librarian A. R. Spofford, his subject being "The Library and the University." Mr. Spofford will deliver the next lecture, "The Choice of Books," next Thursday afternoon at 4:45 o'clock.

The official reception given by Dr. Conaty, the new rector, at 12 o'clock Thursday, to the faculties of the university was attended by all members in full academic costume. The informal reception to the students in Caldwell Hall last night at 8 o'clock was well attended.

Howard University.

The program for the sacred song service in Miner Hall tomorrow evening is as follows: Song, "Still With Thee," full chorus; solo, "Tell It Again," Prof. J. M. Stephens; Scripture reading and invocation, August E. Jansen; song, "Saved by Grace," full chorus; anthem, "Nazareth," C. E. choir; solo, "I Will Not Faint or Falter," J. H. Hughes; song, "Some Time We'll Understand," full chorus; anthem, "Bless the Lord," C. E. choir; solo, "Pass Under the Rod," W. B. Ballard; anthem, "His Salvation," C. E. choir; song, "I Will Sing," full chorus; anthem, "Sweet Sabbath Eve," C. E. choir; closing song, "God Be With You," full chorus.

An epidemic of grip is prevalent. Secretary J. B. Johnson, Gen. Balloch and a number of the students being confined to their rooms with that complaint.

The Alpha Phi Society (mock congress) met Friday evening and discussed a joint resolution introduced by Mr. De Reix, requesting the District Commissioners to reconsider and rescind their action in reference to the crying of newspapers on the streets. A free coinage bill, which was introduced by Mr. Beckham, was favorably reported from the finance committee, and was under discussion when the hour for adjournment arrived.

The Christian Endeavorers met Friday evening and held a missionary session, the topic being "Central America." An address was delivered by Mr. Ford, illustrated by a large special map, and a general discussion followed the reading of a paper on "The History of Central American Missions," by Miss N. F. Brown.

Prof. Lewis B. Moore addressed the Bethel Literary Society on "The Greek Basis of Education" Tuesday afternoon.

The debate in the Theological Literary and Debating Society Wednesday afternoon was on "Resolved, That Martin Luther did more for the cause of church than John Wesley." E. Tartt supported the affirmative and J. W. Neill the negative. An oration was delivered by G. W. Washington. At the next meeting the question, "Resolved, That a man is, in some circumstances, justified in telling a lie," will be debated. W. M. Barham, affirmative, and W. R. Moore, negative, will be the speakers. The quartet of the society, Messrs. Hammond, Hughes, Washington and Lee, will sing several songs.

The Maynard prize debate, founded by Rev. Maynard of Boston, will take place March 27. The speakers chosen to compete are P. C. Dills, George H. West, J. H. Hughes, J. H. Hammond, E. Tartt, W. E. Stewart, and the question is, "Resolved, That high license is better for the regulation of the liquor traffic than prohibition."

At the last session of the Blackstone Club "Contributory Negligence" was discussed by Geo. M. Wyatt, F. C. Bowling, W. H. Miller, Wm. H. Cox and L. H. Knox. The question for discussion tonight is "The Rights and Obligations of Common Carriers." R. J. Malone, P. M. Sweeney, L. D. Clark, W. H. Harris, H. D. Williams, H. J. Williams will be the speakers.

The moot court met Wednesday evening and a number of cases were disposed of.

Columbian University.

In the academic department the schedule has been rearranged and a series of Friday lectures by professors from the college department have been inaugurated. The library has recently received two handsome additions. Prof. Otis T. Mason and Col. Weston Flint were the donors. The 1897 catalogue will be issued in a few days.

The Enosinian Society will meet on February 5 and elect officers for the second term.

The Law School Debating Society will meet tonight and debate the question: "Resolved, That the United States should grant belligerent rights to Cuba." The affirmative speakers will be Benjamin Martin, R. H. Riddleberger and F. L. Tarbox; negative, F. Tharm, F. P. Hyde and A. D. Albert.

The post-graduate law class met last night and transacted routine class business.

Wm. A. Harris, nominated as senator from Kansas, is a graduate of Columbian in the class of 1859.

Prof. E. B. Pollard delivered a lecture Thursday on "The English Romantic Movement."

Mr. E. LeRoy Parker, assistant in chemistry in the Corcoran Scientific School, attended the recent meeting of the American Chemical Society at Troy, N. Y., and read a paper on "The Present Status of Argon."

James H. Hopkins, jr., has been appointed academy editor of the Columbian Call, vice Everett L. Piper, resigned.

The practical course in the assaying of gold and silver ores, bullion, lead, copper and other metals has opened in the Corcoran Scientific School, with a large class, several of whom are owners of extensive mining properties. Instruction is given by the chief assayer of the bureau of the United States mint.

Dean Monroe of the Corcoran Scientific School and Prof. Dr. Schweinitz were elected members of the council of the Washington Chemical Society Thursday.

National University.

At the regular meeting of the class of '97 of the National Law School, held Tuesday evening, January 19, 1897, the following officers were elected: President, George N. Brown of Wyoming; vice president, C. K. Allen of the District of Columbia; secretary, Gilbert A. Clark of the District of Columbia; treasurer, Oliver V. Emery of Pennsylvania; executive committee, C. H. Merillat of the District of Columbia, G. R. Davis of Maine, and J. L. Underwood of Tennessee.

There will be no mid-term examination of the post-graduate class. The mid-term examination of the senior class was held January 6, 1897. The mid-term examination of the junior class will be held about February 1, 1897.

The Debating Society of the Law Department has resumed its sessions.

The court of appeals will convene about February 15, and will remain in session until all the cases on the docket are disposed of.

ADVENTURE OF A $500 ROLL.

Up Against a Half Dollar for a Whole Evening Without Knowing It.

From the New York Sun.

The sporting man stood at the bar toying idly with the dice box.

"Funny thing, Joe," he remarked to the bartender, "how little saloon gambling there is nowadays. Now, there was a time, only a few years ago, when you couldn't go into a saloon up this way without hearing the rattle of the dice box."

A plainly dressed young man came in and ordered a drink of whisky. He gave it a dash of absinthe, tossed it off at one gulp, threw fifteen cents on the bar, and glanced over at the sporting man.

"Shake?" said the latter.

"One or two to kill time," said the stranger.

The sporting man tossed a half dollar on the bar. The stranger did likewise, the dice rolled out and the stranger won. He won the second and the third time, then lost twice and won once more.

"Lucky start," remarked the sporting man. "Have something?"

"Nothing for me, thanks."

The sporting man drank a hot Scotch, and the game went on. Half an hour passed away and the sport was $10 behind the game.

"Make it a dollar and one shake," he suggested.

"I never change my game," said the stranger.

"Very well," said the sporting man, good naturedly. "It's a little faster, that's all."

"This is fast enough for me."

"Have a drink?"

"No, thanks."

The sporting man drank another hot Scotch, and the game went on. The luck was against him, and his losses grew with every shake. Once in a while he'd make a spurt and win three or four straight pots. Then the stranger would win half a dozen to make up for it. Two hours had passed and the sporting man was $40 in the hole. He grew excited.

"I'll shake you for $80 or quits," he said, hauling out a roll as big around as his leg.

"I never change my game," said the other quietly.

In another half hour the stranger was $50 ahead, and the sporting man was very nervous.

"Friend, will you oblige me by having a drink?" he said.

"I really don't care to drink," said the stranger, and the sport drank his Scotch alone once more.

Then there was a turn in the luck. Ten dollars went back to the sporting man in less than fifteen minutes. Ten more followed it, and the sport's brow cleared. The stranger never turned a hair. Gradually the half dollars went back to their original owner, and finally after three hours of play the men were just where they started.

"Now have a drink," said the sporting man, with a sigh of relief.

"No, thanks," said the stranger, tossing a half dollar on the bar and picking up the box. "Let's shake."

In three throws he rolled out four deuces. The sporting man threw four trays and hauled in the money.

"Thank you," remarked the stranger, "for a pleasant evening."

"You're not going to quit?" said the sporting man in amazement.

"Can't do anything else. Only started with a half dollar. I couldn't drink with you without asking you to drink, and I couldn't do that without using money which I meant to give you a chance to win back. Good day," and he walked out of the saloon.

"Well, I'm blanked," said the sport to the bartender. "To think I had a roll of $500 up against his fifty cents. Great Scott! if the luck hadn't changed he might have had the whole roll, and I never had a chance to get more than that half dollar. Give me another Scotch," and, looking very pale, the sport drank up his liquor, buttoned his coat and went out.

What He Saw and Heard.

From the Boston Budget.

He was traveling in France and he had comforted himself down in the corner of a first-class railway compartment. He was alone in the carriage. The train, which was just on the point of starting, would run four hours without stopping.

"Four hours' quiet, uninterrupted reading," he told himself, "accompanied by a fat cigar."

And he purred at the prospect of reading and smoking—and smoking—undisturbed by the quibbles of chance acquaintances. And he did everything so easily, so elegantly—he was a gentleman—an American gentleman.

He placed a handful of papers by his side. He produced a jeweled cigar case from his breast pocket. He put a cigar between his lips. He closed the case with a snap and returned it to its resting place—slowly, calmly. From his trousers pocket he produced a pearl penknife, with which he clipped the cigar and then returned the knife to its resting place—calmly, slowly. From his waistcoat pocket—what a host of pockets men have, to be sure—he produced a silver matchbox and struck a light.

The guard blew his whistle.

In dashed a young lady, all breathless. She scrambled into the seat opposite the gentleman.

The gentleman paused. The gentleman swore, but the young lady did not hear him.

The train glided out of the station.

The young lady arranged her skirts, and as she did she saw the match burn to the end. She saw the match fall from the gentleman's hand. She saw the cigar case produced, the cigar replaced among its fragrant companions, and the case returned to the pocket.

She chuckled—almost aloud.

He swore—almost aloud.

He buried himself in his paper.

She laughed outright.

He looked up. And what did he see?

He saw a little, neatly gloved hand find its way into a tailor-made skirt pocket. He saw the hand embracing the daintiest of little cigarette cases, and a gold matchbox, en suite. He saw a cigarette between the first and second fingers of the left hand, and a match between the finger and thumb of the right.

And what did he hear?

"I hope monsieur does not object to smoke."

ART AND ARTISTS.

The principal art event of the week was the sale of paintings belonging to the estate of the late Marshall O. Roberts, which took place in New York on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings. It was an eminently remiscent event, both in the names included in the catalogue and the style of the works offered, and was notable, furthermore, for the low prices realized, instead of for extravagant figures paid, as has usually been the case in picture sales during recent years. Of the three hundred and thirty odd numbers sold it is doubtful if a single piece brought as much as it cost, or anywhere near it. Less than half, and probably even less than one-fourth, of the original price was only reached in many instances, and in some it would seem that not ten per cent was realized. This unusual result was largely due to two causes. Mr. Roberts was a very rich and public-spirited man, and it is likely that he bought paintings partly because it was the thing for a rich man to have a picture gallery, and partly to encourage artists, rather than because he had a deep feeling for or profound knowledge of art. It is probable therefore that his purchases were often made without the exercise of sufficient judgment and discrimination. Then, again, the collection was largely made up of pictures by artists of what were known as the Dusseldorf and Hudson River schools, and by others whose names and styles are no longer fashionable. Not that there were no good paintings in the collection. On the other hand, there were many canvases painted by men of high and deserved reputation, and of real merit and enduring quality as works of art. But there was nothing from the Barbizon school; no examples by modern Dutch masters; nothing from the pencils of the early English masters of portraiture; no puzzling products of impressionism,—nothing, in short, in the lines that are being boomed just now by picture dealers, or that are in vogue with the millionaire collectors of the day. Hence these important factors staid away from the sale, and between that circumstance and the prevailing hard times, many good things were picked up by connoisseurs for a song,—for a mere stave, in fact. The two most important pictures in the collection, or at least the two that are best known, were "Washington Crossing the Delaware," by Leutze, and "Mercy's Dream," by Huntington, a replica of the one of the same name in the Corcoran Gallery. The first named is an immense canvas, being 21 feet in width by 12 feet, 3 inches in height, and most elaborately framed. It was sold for $16,100 to Mr. J. S. Kennedy, a banker of New York, for presentation to the Metropolitan Art Museum in that city. What Mr. Roberts paid for it is not known, but it probably cost him considerably more than the sum it brought. "Mercy's Dream" went for $525, which was also much less than was paid to the artist for it. Its purchaser was not announced, but most likely it was bought for some museum or public gallery.

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It must not be supposed from experience in this case that the purchase of works of art is always a bad thing as an investment pure and simple. Directly the contrary very frequently happens. In a large number of instances more than double their cost has been realized for a collection of well selected paintings by artists of merit and established reputation. Indeed, the rule may be said to be a handsome advance in prices in such cases, and especially for works by artists no longer living, and for which there is a steadily increasing demand corresponding with the increase of wealth and growing interest in art. As an example in this direction, it may be mentioned that a tentative offer of twenty thousand dollars has recently been made for a small canvas in the Corcoran Gallery, which was bought a few years ago for a little more than half that sum. The offer has not been accepted, and perhaps not seriously considered, as yet, but it is by no means impossible that later on it may be thought wise to use so handsome a sum in some other direction, when an opportunity to procure something else quite as desirable and for less money might present itself.

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Mr. Hubert Vos arrived in the city several days ago and has fitted up a pleasant studio in the Everett. He will probably remain here for two months or longer, as he has a number of commissions to execute. The most notable of these is the portrait of Secretary Olney, which he is to paint for the State Department, and it is understood that he plans to make it one of his most important works. In a short time he will also begin work upon a likeness of Mrs. Carroll Mercer. Mr. Vos' portrait of Senator Brice, which he commenced when he was here last spring, was recently on exhibition at Veerhoff's, where it attracted much attention. The canvas is quite large and a three-quarter-length view of the figure is given, the attitude being easy and natural. It is the treatment of the head, however, that lifts the painting at once into the highest plane, and the genial expression of the face is especially well rendered. The impression that it gives one is that it is not the expression of any one moment, but an expression which is characteristic of the man, and for this reason the portrait gives the observer a clear idea of Senator Brice's personality. The painting is very fine in color and shows careful and conscientious work throughout.

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The bronze doors which the late Olin L. Warner designed for the new Congressional Library are now in position, and the two panels containing the figures representing Memory and Imagination have been much admired. This pair of doors has been placed in the doorway at the left of the center, and the other two doorways are still filled with temporary woodwork. In the spandrels above the doorways are female figures designed by Bela L. Pratt of Boston. When the other bronze doors by Warner and the pair which Frederick MacMonnies is now working on have been put in place, the appearance of the entrance will be very fine, though several architects have criticised the doorways as being too small for the size and dignity of the steps and platforms which form the approach.

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There are now in the city some fine specimens of early Phoenician glass, which Mr. Alexander Abu-Khalil has on exhibition at Fischer's. Those who are well up in such matters say that the collection is finer than that in the British Museum. Most of the pieces have been unearthed during the past year near Tyre and Sidon and throughout Palestine, and have been taken from tombs that are thought to be three thousand years old.

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The interesting collection of water colors which Mr. De Lancey W. Gill has shown at Heitmuller's gallery during the past week will remain on exhibition for a week longer. The exhibition is rather small, and contains several pictures that have been exhibited before, but there are a number of very taking things that are shown for the first time. Much of the charm of Mr. Gill's work is in his individual style of treatment, and when working in a broad, sketchy manner, or when elaborating detail in a careful way, his technique is always satisfactory. There are several Venetian scenes, a class of subjects with which the artist is especially successful, and one or two sketches in which picturesque tumble-down houses form the motives. One of the pictures in the collection is particularly interesting on account of the rather difficult artistic problem which it involves. It is a landscape view, painted from the brow of a hill, and Mr. Gill has given the effect of the sloping hillside in a very truthful manner.

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Mr. Carl Gutherz has recently finished an oil portrait of Senator Morgan, and it is now on exhibition at Veerhoff's. The painting shows Senator Morgan seated beside a desk, as if he had turned away from it for a moment, and the figure is rather effectively placed upon the canvas. It is considered a good likeness by those who have seen it.

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Mr. V. G. Fischer brought back several new pictures from New York, and they are now on exhibition in his gallery. Perhaps the most noteworthy one is a small painting by George Inness, entitled "The Passing Shower," possessing, as it does, the fine qualities of color and atmosphere that are characteristic of Inness' work. Another new picture is a study of a soldier, by A. De Neuville. The Julien Dupre that has recently been placed in the gallery is a particularly fine morning effect, and is a good example of the artist's work. A peasant girl has driven a cow up to a tub of water, and is leaning up against a tree while the animal drinks. The silvery light that falls across the cow's back is painted with great truth, and the bluish haze which envelops the landscape aids in giving the early morning effect. On Monday an exhibition of water colors by Will. S. Robinson of New York will open at Fischer's.

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Mr. W. H. Chandlee has recently added several pen drawings to the series he is making of well-known actors and actresses. Two of the new ones are the drawings of Wm. H. Crane and Joseph Holland. All the drawings are executed upon Japan paper, which gives a peculiarly soft artistic quality to the figures, and are extremely effective specimens of pen work. A number of the studies bear the signatures of the players, a circumstance which adds something to the interest of the drawings. Mr. Chandlee will probably send several illustrations to the exhibition of newspaper drawings which is to be held in San Francisco the first week in March.

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Mr. E. H. Miller has recently been devoting himself to cattle painting, and is now at work upon a picture containing several cows grazing in a cool grassy spot.

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Mr. Edwin Lamasure has taken a pleasant, well-lighted studio at 1424 New York avenue. In his trips out into the country he obtains many good motives, which he jots down in pencil and elaborates in his studio. He has now on his easel a river scene which he obtained in this way. While he usually confines himself to landscapes, he sometimes essays figure painting with no little success. A good example of his work in this line is a sketch that he has recently made of his wife. It is treated in quite a broad, simple manner, and is very good in color.

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Mr. J. H. Moser will probably open a studio here in a short time, though he has not made any definite plans as yet, and may pay Washington only a short visit. About Christmas time he held a small exhibition in New York, placing on view a number of the studies which he made abroad last summer. He has now returned to West Cornwall, Conn., where he is working busily, and where he will remain until he has completed his arrangements for coming here. The work which he did in the summer has been very highly praised, and his exhibition here this winter will in all probability be immensely in advance of all his previous ones.

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A number of the Washington artists are now at work on pictures for the Tennessee centennial exposition, which are to be collected and sent about the 15th of March. Mr. Theo. Cooley, the chief of the art department, was most favorably impressed with the exhibition of the Washington Water Color Society, and since has appointed Mr. Messer, Mr. Max Weyl, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Parker Mann and Mr. E. M. Gutherz to pass upon the works to be forwarded from here by the artists who have been invited to contribute.